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MAKE-BELIEVES.

The mutual make-believe under which mankind are sometimes found to act, has lately been alluded to on more than one occasion in the present paper. It is a subject, however, of so much importance as to require being treated by itself.

The phrase seems rightly applied, where, from courtesy, timidity, or worse motives, men make a practice of deceiving each other by the profession of particular feelings or opinions which in reality they do not entertain. One of the instances formerly adverted to was the universal profession of courage, when, in truth, there is no man who, if given a free choice between peril and no-peril, the consequences being supposed alike honourable, would not prefer keeping by his fire-side. The other was the almost universal profession of belief among mercantile men, that "every thing is overdone," while, even with the phrase upon their lips, they are contemplating or entering upon adventures which practically give it the lie. Other make-believes must now be adverted to.

Make-believes may be divided into two great classes—first, the make-believes of the waking, daylight, common-place world, in which individuals in their sober senses are the ordinary agents; and, second, the make-believes which are effected among associations of men, usually under the magical influence of candle-light. The first class are decidedly the most remarkable on philosophical grounds, since the greater force of mutual and self imposition must be necessary to produce them; but the second class are the most extravagant.

In public subscriptions, there is much of make-believe—especially in those which have for their object the erection of monuments to great men. The erection of monuments is a fallacy from bottom to top, from foundation-stone to pinnacle; for, if a man be worthy of remembrance, he will be remembered to the full extent of his deserts without the aid of marble; and, if not worthy of remembrance, the effect of a monument is only to raise an inquiry about a man actually forgotten, and thus to institute such a contrast between his merits and their acknowledgment as can by no means redound to his credit. People are in general fully sensible of this; but the rearing of monuments to historical persons is a custom—and no historical person can die without this custom being remembered—and there are always some two or three officious people to set about having it observed on the present occasion, possibly individuals who really think it all nonsense—and these individuals make up a committee or call a public meeting—and all the other people who think they will be expected to take an interest in the affair, gather about the first little knot; and so the make-believe is fomented—and a subscription is entered into, and a monument built, by an association of which not one person in a thousand, if left to himself, would have ever thought of stirring in the matter. In the newspapers, and in all subsequent topographical works, the monument is described, by literary persons also under the influence of make-believe, as a testimony to departed merit, which does not more honour to the illustrious deceased than to the public-spirited gentlemen of —, who united in so cordial a spirit for its erection. The hollowness of the monument-erecting spirit is sometimes shown in a very amusing manner, when, the money collected under the first afflatus of the make-believe having fallen short of the object, the structure is left for years in a curious state of incompleteness, which certain critical persons, by an equal make-believe, declare to be disgraceful to the country, when in reality the placing of the first and the last stone was

to them, as to all concerned, a matter of absolute indifference.

Akin to the monument-erecting make-believe, is one which may be called, for shortness, the snuff-box-or-tea-set-conferring. The snuff-box-or-tea-set-conferring make-believe has this aggravated feature, that the party who is the object of the gift, being a living man, is made to participate in the delusion. A busy-minded person, some sunshiny day, is all at once visited with a tremendous and overpowering sense of the public merits of a certain other person—the minister, clerk, or schoolmaster, of the parish—the commissioner of police of the district—the any body or any thing. Perhaps he has been personally obliged by the said public officer, perhaps not: perhaps he is sincere in his conviction of the great public merits of that individual; perhaps he only wants to get up a little stir, in the centre of which he may himself assume an attitude of some importance. Having a trifle, any how, to spare, he bethinks him of getting up a subscription for a testimony to the merits of this public servant. He goes to one or two of his neighbours; finds them dreaming of any thing but subscription papers—perhaps reflecting upon ways and means for their next bill: no sooner, however, does he lay the proposal before them, than they all at once see as clearly as himself the propriety of an immediate subscription, and, secretly denouncing his officiousness, put down their names most cheerfully for a contribution equal to his own. The paper is then taken about amongst the other persons interested. Every body execrates it in his heart—and every body subscribes. With regard to the sum, the first three subscribers gave a key-note which settled that matter. It is not what you can afford: it is what will look *not shabby* in comparison with the sums subscribed by your neighbours. The Thomsons must give as much as the Smiths, and the Blacks cannot give a penny less than the Whites. At the worst, if unable to disburse as much as you see others have disbursed, you may give a shilling under the modest character of "a Gentleman" or "a Lady," though sensible that no designations could be more inappropriate on the occasion. Thus the whole population, as with one accord, is brought before a certain gentleman about whom they care not one straw, with a piece of worked silver, upon which they are described as "presenting this gift to Timothy Tibbets, Esq. in token of the esteem in which they hold him as a public servant, and the affection which they entertain for him as a friend." And a few speeches are made, full of insincerity on both sides, and then all return to their ordinary pursuits, with an idea that they have been engaged in something very fine. A flagrant paragraph in the newspapers—without which all would be in vain—ends the great snuff-box-or-tea-set-conferring make-believe.

In the business of getting up and conducting public meetings, make-believe prevails to a considerable extent. Some stupid person, weighty from title, property, office, or "presence," must be got to take the chair. Once prevailed upon, albeit most unwilling and indifferent before, he makes himself believe that the object in view is highly laudable, and goes through the affair like a hero. At the close, a number of gentlemen, one-half of whom were brought there with as much difficulty as himself, having by that time persuaded themselves of the importance of the business, give a cordial vote of thanks to a chairman who yesterday cared not a doit about the matter; and the company then parts, each carrying with him an impression that, though for his own part indifferent, he has been doing a very good action in going so far out of his way to oblige or gratify his neighbours.

The most surprising of all make-believes are those which we find in the mercantile world. The members of that fraternity are in most things so extremely acute and sagacious, that we should expect them to be the last men on earth to give birth or nurture to a make-believe. Yet, what make-believe can be more inveterate than that which is held forth in all those interesting publications of theirs, shop-bills, cards, and newspaper advertisements, to the effect that they are the grateful and respectful servants of the public, when, in verity, they entertain not one particle of either respect or gratitude for it, but on the contrary are perpetually complaining of it, as difficult to please, slow to pay, and altogether absorbed in a regard to its own convenience. Even with respect to "friends," whom they usually address on the same occasions, it is to be feared that much insincerity prevails. They know that they have scarcely a customer who brings them his pence on account of friendship. They must have even felt, in their own case, when it was their turn to become customers for some necessary article, that they would perhaps hesitate for a brief space between the shop of some one whom they knew, and some one whom they did not know; and, perhaps, after all, pass the door of him whom they deemed their familiar friend, in order to bestow their patronage where their very persons were not known by sight; and yet they will return their "friends" and the public their grateful thanks, and beseech their "friends" and the public to be kind for the future, and assure their "friends" and the public that, by dealing in ready money, they can present the best goods at the lowest prices, and much to the like purpose. The real principles of business are known all the while; but still the make-believe goes on without challenge. There is no class who carry the absurdity to a greater pitch than the players. With them the public patronage seems entirely a matter of favour. No eleemosynary donation could be more humbly or gratefully acknowledged than the money taken at the doors. They are the very slaves of the public. Think of a man of talent, of capital, of education, the superintendent of a great establishment, esteemed for his society by the first men in the land, professing himself the very breath of the nostrils of some poor boy who, having scraped up sixpence, has been able to treat himself to the gallery! But this is perhaps more a candle-light than a daylight make-believe.

Candle-light, and something to eat and drink, are after all the chief promoters of make-believe. See a set of jovial fellows met around a well-furnished table. With what affection do they seem to regard each other! How face beams upon face! How heartily do they echo and re-echo the social lays of Burns! One might suppose, as they joined hands around the board, and swung forth the chorus of "Auld Lang Syne," that they were a band of brothers who had dwelt with each other from infancy, and were determined to watch out the last sands of life in each other's society. Who could believe that not one ever met another before this evening, that they have been thrown together merely by accident, hardly know each other's names, do not expect ever to see each other again, and, if they chance to meet to-morrow on the street, will scarcely recognise each other's features, or, if they do, will mutually endeavour to escape a salutation, from a shameful recollection of the present scene of make-believe, of the absurdity of which they have even now a secret consciousness? The poets speak of fair-weather friends; but these are nothing to candle-light friends. It is not when the candle enters that they are cured; it is when daylight enters. The stage effect—the poetry—the music—the fumes of the alco-

hol, are then dissipated, and nothing but a repentant sense of dissipation remains. Oh candle-light! Oh "Auld Lang Syne!" Oh whisky toddy! what wonders can ye bring to pass! Under your so potent witchery, the sense of individuality—that first of mental principles—is lost. Like certain kinds of corals, the company feels itself a compound animal with but one joint interest. Nothing seems too much to sacrifice for each other. Worldly cares and worldly men are despised. You feel as if you should never again know trouble of any kind, never again be the victim of envy, hatred, malice, or uncharitableness. All are good people together. The drowning of care really begins to appear as no mere poetical figure. Suddenly the word is given for parting. The spell is broken. The friendliness of the scene vanishes. There is a scrambling for umbrellas and greatcoats in the lobby, and some suspect that, in these matters, they will not go away quite so well appointed as they came. Then those who five minutes ago proclaimed themselves brothers, can scarcely wait to bid each other a polite good-night. Next minute they are plunged into the darkness of the midnight street, and, as they see each other loom off on their several ways, reflect, with the most philosophical tranquillity, that probably they shall meet no more.

In the progress of manners, scenes like these have become rare. They have been succeeded, however, by certain festive affairs called public dinners, which are more innocent perhaps in respect of drinking, but not a whit less distinguished by make-believe. Public dinners are often, like subscriptions for monuments, the very creatures of make-believe. Two or three think, with Pistol, that there must be incision, and all the rest go into the notion, from a dislike to be singular, or to spoil sport. Possibly it is a company of persons who have some connection, by birth or otherwise, with a particular district in the provinces; a supposition of the propriety of such persons meeting at a dinner, forms as good a make-believe as any thing else. They assemble accordingly, with, of course, the stupid person notable for rank, office, property, or "presence," in the chair. Scarcely any body knows another, but that is of no consequence. They are the more called upon to meet, in order that they may become acquainted, for all the people born in the district of Dunderdale, and now resident in Trumpington, ought to be acquainted. But they do not want to know each other—do not care for each other—have established circles of acquaintance already, with which they are contented. Well, well, take any other reason you like. Only they must meet. After dinner, a glowing eulogy is pronounced upon Dunderdale, and a cup is drunk, or, as the newspaper reporters will call it, *drank*, in honour of that famous part of the world. All is enthusiasm—the bumper must be duly drained—the *huzzas* duly given. Fifty persons then strain their voices for the glorification of a piece of earth which they could see overflowed by the sea with exactly the same feeling as any other piece of ground of the same extent. Then follows a long string of toasts, arranged with a beautiful regard to the consequence of the objects of them. In general, merit is nothing at public dinners in comparison with worldly status. Public bodies of the smallest local importance are of greater account than almost any kind of individuals. Walter Scott—in full possession of his fame, but not of his baronetcy—would have been postponed to the police board [on the south of the Tweed, to the parish vestry]. Sir Humphry Davy, whose greatness is of the world, could not be given till the town-elder had been disposed of. The company, taken separately, might think this absurd; but here they are upon make-believe, and common modes of thinking do not apply. The toasts, such as they are, call forth immense eloquence from the proposers, and thunders of applause from all besides, while nothing is really felt but that, in the existing circumstances, out of a regard for the self-importance and self-love of the persons toasted, it is necessary to treat their names in this manner. Has any one qualms, he is overpowered by the contagion of example, by the enjoyment of the scene, by its glitter and bustle. As the evening advances, the make-believe becomes more intense. After toasting so many persons and things for which no real regard was entertained, it is easy to toast a few more not originally contemplated. Men, steady fellows enough, who at first were cold even to the most prominent objects of adulation, begin to manifest a disposition to get every now and then upon their legs, to propose a bumper for some member of the company, who in no other circumstances would be thought of. The stupid man with the presence has been twice toasted already, once formally as chairman, and again enthusiastically as a private gentleman; but something is yet to be done. "Gentlemen, we have committed a great oversight. I beg leave to propose our honourable chairman's *fireside*." And the *fireside*, about which as little is really cared as about the stupid gentleman himself, is drunk with shouts of gratulation. There is a class of people, accustomed to fill small honorary public offices, who acquire, in the course of their talking existence, an amazing facility as well as felicity of diction, in proposing and replying to the toasts at these scenes of make-believe. They would perhaps be staggered a little about the proposal of the health of any really great person; but in the case of a commissioner of police, they are quite in their element. The great services of the body to which he belongs—the re-nrenchments effected—the efficiency established—now

cleaned, watched, and lighted with gas, for thirteen-pence halfpenny farthing in the pound—the particular merits of this particular commissioner—half an hour scarcely suffices for a subject which you thought unfit to supply the materials of two sentences. If at any public dinner such a speaker be balanced or compensated by another of the same order, there is no need for any thing else. The two in a little while get complete possession of the company, which they pin up between them like so many galvanic plates for the voltaic experiment. Ding dong will they then go, toasting and replying, and toasting again, till you shout to the names of so many common-place vulgar characters and petty institutions, that even the powers of make-believe nearly fail you, and you are inclined to fly from the company in a passion of contempt for it, yourself, and all the world.

Such are a few examples of the power which make-believe exercises over mankind. And thus do they go on from day to day in mutual and general mistakes respecting each other's sentiments, full of apparent interest upon subjects which they care not for, afraid to be candid upon others, where, if all were candid, there would be no need for fear. How can we wonder that others so often impose upon us, when we show so fatal a disposition to impose upon ourselves?

INFORMATION ABOUT MEDICINES.

THE origin of medicine has afforded much ground for discussion, but the question appears to merit little attention. Since we observe that the rudest tribes of the present day direct their attention in their own way to the cure of those complaints incident to their climate and situation, we may safely conclude, that before society had advanced far in civilisation, the aborigines of the world cultivated the art of medicine. On looking around on the face of nature, they would perceive numberless plants and substances unfitted for food, and equally so, to appearance, for any other useful purpose of life. Chance would probably determine, in the lapse of time, the uses of many of these; and, indeed, at no very distant period, one of our most valuable medicines was discovered by mere accident. A quantity of Peruvian bark had been thrown as useless into a small well, out of which some soldiers afflicted with the ague had the good fortune to drink. To their own surprise as well as that of others, they became rapidly well, and the cure happily was attributed to the right cause. In the same manner, a knowledge of many important medicinal articles might be attained, and occasionally some bold inquirer might arrive at the same end by actual experiment. As among the African tribes of the present day, however, a great portion of the medical art lay in working on the fears and imaginations of the patients by means of pretended charms and incantations.

The medicinal preparations of the ancients were taken almost entirely from the vegetable kingdom, though the Arabian school of medicine, which arrived at great eminence while the Saracens were masters of Spain, was well acquainted with several metallic remedies. The researches, however, of the chemists, or rather alchemists, of the dark ages, first brought fully to light the great value of the metals in the hands of the physician, and this credit these ingenious individuals are at least entitled to, though we may smile at their absurd attempts to transmute baser minerals to gold, or to find out the elixir of life. They made thus a most important addition to the number of medicines, and effected a change in the healing art which is felt to the present time. The liability of herbs to spoil by keeping, whether in the state of roots, leaves, or seeds, gave a great superiority to the mineral preparations, which retain their powers for a long period. At the time when they were first introduced, the sensation excited was so great, that the numerous believers in their virtues were called, in contradistinction to the admirers of vegetables, the chemical school. This sect went so far as to refer all the functions of the body to chemical processes, and to treat all diseases upon chemical principles. The discovery of the circulation of the blood founded a new set of philosophers, who maintained that the body was entirely framed upon, and regulated by, mathematical laws. Though this was supported by some eminent men, and for a short time superseded the chemical theory, yet its total failure to account, upon mechanical principles, for all or any of the vital actions, soon caused it to fall to the ground.

It is scarcely necessary to mention any other changes in the progress of the science of medicine, and indeed those taken notice of are of consequence only from their effects on the nature of the remedies for disease. During the eighteenth century, anatomy was prosecuted with deep attention, the nature of medicinal preparations closely investigated, and their number increased; the result of which was the reduction of the practice of physic to principles more agreeable to reason and to truth. Men, too, partaking of the wide spread of knowledge during the period mentioned, began to object to nostrums when labouring under illness, and became reluctant to swallow a dose without being informed of the nature of the action and the effects expected. Hence medicines, instead of being applied indiscriminately to every species of disease, were arranged into some sort of order, and classified according to their known operation. This is the most simple

method of viewing the range of medicinal substances, and it is the one we shall adopt in the present article, though it will be impossible to enumerate any other medicines than those principally in use.

Some substances employed in the cure of disease, act mechanically, and others chemically, on the system; but by far the greater proportion of them act vitally. A medicine is said to act mechanically, when its effect on the body is the same as that which it exerts on inanimate matter. Demulcents, for instance, or remedies taken to remove the acrid effects of some other substance, operate simply by coating the stomach with a gummy fluid, an action which is entirely mechanical. The chemical operation of medicines may be thus explained. When an acid and an alkali are mixed in a glass of water, they unite together, and form a third substance, a salt, having new properties altogether. The same chemical process takes place when sourness, or an acid, is neutralised in the stomach by soda, or any alkali. The vital action of medicines differs totally from the two former. In this case the substances are absorbed into the blood, and are conveyed by the vessels of the heart to the quarter whither their nature determineth them. Diuretics, or medicines which stimulate the urinary organs, may form an example of vital action. From the stomach the diuretic is absorbed into the blood-vessels, and carried to the kidneys, stimulating them to the secretion of urine, though by what process of separation from the rest of the blood we know not. In these three divisions, mechanical, chemical, and vital agents, all the articles used in medical practice may be comprehended; and after this general explanation, we may examine the particular classes of each division, commencing with the most important, the vital agents. The class of purgatives (the strongest called cathartics, the weakest laxatives) is the best known and most commonly used of any description of medicines. They may be arranged under three heads; those of an oily or saccharine nature; those which are derived from vegetables, such as resins and extracts; and those formed by a combination of acids with earths, alkalies, and metals, termed neutral and metallic salts. The operation of all these three is upon the mucous or inner membrane of the bowels, though in their effects they differ considerably from each other. The first mentioned seem simply to discharge the contents of the bowels; the second appear to increase the quantity of matter evacuated, by stimulating the mucous membrane, and increasing the natural flow of mucus; the third produce evacuations of a watery consistence. These particulars might perhaps appear unseemly, did not the usefulness of the information present what may be regarded as a sufficient excuse; because, in cases of illness, where medical advice is either not at hand, or deemed unnecessary, the patient may employ such of these remedies as he may think best suited, from the description given of their action, to his particular case. The principal purgatives of the oily or saccharine kind are, castor oil, olive oil (seldom used), manna, tamarinds, honey, and so forth: croton oil, an essential oil (that is to say, procured by distillation, not by expression, as the castor oil is) is scarcely to be included in the class of oils, as its great strength prevents its being used except in desperate cases. The medium dose of the castor oil is one ounce, of the croton oil a fraction of one drop. The former is imported in immense quantities into this country annually. It is one of the most useful and safe medicines of the purgative class. The rest mentioned are exceedingly mild in their operation, and are generally employed merely to palliate the bad flavour of some stronger drug. The second kind of purgatives includes aloes, scammony, jalap, colocynth, senna, and rhubarb. The general character of all these has been given above, though the rhubarb possesses one remarkable distinction from the others. It is supposed to act on the muscular membrane of the bowels, producing a natural discharge simply, without altering the character of the feces. The principal neutral and metallic salts, which form the third order of purgatives, are sulphate of soda, Epsom salts (sulphate of magnesia), cream of tartar (super-tartrate of potash), phosphate of soda, and calomel (sublimed mercury). The latter is the most universal in its application of all medicinal preparations. By proper regulation of the dose, and in conjunction with other drugs, it can be employed with benefit in almost every disease to which man is subject. But in proportion to its usefulness, so is its danger when misapplied. The dose should be very small at first, and cold ought always to be guarded against during its use. With respect to the others, little can be added to the general description already given, though it may be mentioned, that the pleasantest, though not the cheapest of all medicines, is the phosphate of soda, or *tasteless salts*.

Sudorifics, or medicines which increase the cutaneous perspiration, form another important class of vital remedies. Certain substances received through the stomach into the blood, excite through it the vessels of the skin to action, and increase the natural discharge. The mode in which this result is effected is not well known; all we know is, that, during the operation, the heart, and the blood-vessels which terminate on the surface of the skin, are roused to unusual action. Among the most active sudorifics may be enumerated warm drinks; the warm bath; the preparations of antimony, including James's powder; Dover's powder (compound ipecacuan powder); the preparations of ammonia; and all medicines generally which nauseate the stomach. Probably of all these, Dover's powder

is the best. Sudorifics, in almost all cases, when early used, prevent the effects of colds, which, when neglected, prove so often fatal in their consequences.

Emetics are another class of remedies, acting through the blood, and of very general use. It may be supposed, that, as they are received into the stomach, and act directly and speedily upon it, there is no absorption into the blood necessary. Tobacco, for instance, taken into the stomach, excites vomiting; but it is from its reception into the circulation; because, if the tobacco be laid on the arm, the same effect will be produced. Some emetics indeed appear to act principally on the muscular covering of the stomach, exciting it to contraction, and thereby causing the expulsion of the contents. Most of them, however, simply produce nausea, which causes the inversion of the receptacle of the food. The most active emetics employed in medicine are tartar-emetic, ipecacuan root, chamomile flowers, mustard, and blue or white vitriol. The two first of these are most commonly used; the latter being the gentlest, and perhaps on that account the safest in ordinary cases.

Diuretics are those medicines which operate in promoting the flow of urine, by stimulating the action of the kidneys, the organs which secrete it. This class is very numerous, though the manner of their operation, like that of all the other vital agents, is not thoroughly understood. Those chiefly employed in practice are squills, foxglove, juniper-berries, potash, cream of tartar, acetate of ammonia, nitric ether, and Spanish flies. All these act powerfully on the urinary organs, those in highest repute being squills, foxglove, juniper, and cream of tartar. The first and the last of these are the most efficient, being more certain in their action than the others. Warm fomentations are useful accompaniments in all cases.

Expectorants are used to promote the expulsion from the lungs of those fluids which are secreted during colds, and lodge there, causing difficult breathing, and sometimes ending in injury of their structure. Thus those remedies which promote expectoration are of great consequence to health, though often neglected. The principal medicines of this class are antimony, squills, ipecacuan, and gum ammoniac. Syrup of squills is the preparation in greatest use.

Carminatives are those medicines which produce the discharge of flatulence from the alimentary canal. This malady is more annoying than dangerous, though it rises occasionally to a most painful height. The warm essential oils, such as caraway, anise, or peppermint, and some aromatic stimulants, as cinnamon and ginger, are the best carminatives.

All those classes of medicines which we have hitherto mentioned, are called evacuates, from the nature of their operation; and we may now describe another order of medicinal preparations, acting like the former through the medium of the circulation, but repressing instead of stimulating the powers of the system. There are only two distinct classes of medicines of this kind, narcotics and antispasmodics, though the first of these has sometimes been divided into two, narcotics and sedatives.

Narcotics are those substances which diminish the natural degree of action in the body, and tend to remove irritation or pain, inducing in general a state of repose. Before this quieting effect is produced, however, there is a primary excitement of short duration, which is well exemplified in the case of opium. Sedatives, viewed as a separate class, are believed to allay pain and promote sleep, without possessing any stimulating qualities; but it is far from being clear that we have any simple sedative medicines at all. Opium, which is almost exclusively employed as a sedative, is universally admitted to have a primary exciting quality. Unless where excessive pain is present, narcotics may be regarded as a class of medicines only to be used with great caution, and never free from danger. Opium and its preparations, lettuce extract, henbane, foxglove, hemlock, and tobacco, are some of the strongest narcotics. It is difficult to say which of these is the safest, when a sedative is required, though probably the preparation from lettuce has the slightest stimulating powers. Morphia, a drug procured from opium, is said to possess the sedative without the exciting effect.

Antispasmodics are used to remove spasms or convulsive contractions of the muscular fibre in the body, and are so similar in their action to the last mentioned class as scarcely to require a separate notice. Opium, camphor, ammonia, valerian, and assafetida, with most of the narcotics, are the antispasmodics generally in use.

There is another class of medicines, acting by absorption into the blood, or as vital agents, which cannot be ranked either amongst those which excite action or those which repress it. These are stomachics and tonics; the former increasing the digestive powers of the stomach, the latter renovating the tone, or contractile energies, of the muscular fibre. They are slow in their operation, and augment the strength of the body without materially exciting its actions. As these two kinds of medicines are not very distinctly separable, it may be better to enumerate them together. Good nutriment is the most natural and best supporter of the bodily powers, but to effect this purpose, it is necessary that the function of digestion should be in a proper condition. Gentian root, quassia, chamomile, columba, and canella, assist powerfully this object. Amongst the tonics, Peruvian and cascarrilla barks, the preparations of iron, the sulphuric and nitric acids, are in greatest repute.

It is impossible to comprehend in one article the whole range of medicinal substances, and it will therefore be necessary to defer the consideration of the remaining classes till another occasion. It may be mentioned at the same time, that several minor classes of medicines that fall under the division of evacuates, have been passed over as of little practical use, such as errhines, or substances which excite a flow of mucus from the nose, and sialogogues, which increase the quantity of the saliva.

MRS WASHINGTON POTTS, A STORY FOR GENTEEL PEOPLE.

BROMLEY CHESTON, an officer in the United States navy, had just returned from a three years' cruise in the Mediterranean. His ship came into New York; and after he had spent a week with a sister that was married in Boston, he could not resist his inclination to pay a visit to his maternal aunt, who had resided since her widowhood at one of the small towns on the banks of the Delaware. We will not venture to say that duty to his aunt Marsden was the young lieutenant's only incentive to this visit. She had a beautiful daughter about eighteen, for whom, since her earliest childhood, Bromley Cheston had felt a degree of regard more vivid than that usually bestowed by boys upon their cousins. On returning from sea, he always, as soon as he set his foot on American ground, began to devise means of seeing his pretty cousin, however short the time and however great the distance.

Mrs Marsden lived in a small modest-looking white house, with a green door and green Venetian blinds. In early summer the porch was canopied and perfumed with honeysuckle, and the windows with roses. In front was a flower-garden, redolent of sweetness and beauty; behind was a flourishing little orchard. The windows were amply shaded by the light and graceful foliage of some beautiful locust trees. "What a lovely spot!" exclaimed Cheston.

When he knocked at the door, it was opened by a black girl named Drusa, who had been brought up in the family, and whose delight on seeing him was so great that she could scarcely find it in her heart to tell him that "the ladies were both out, or at least partly out." Cheston, however, more than suspected that they were wholly at home; the whole domicile was evidently in some great commotion, strongly resembling that horror of all men, a house-cleaning. "Give Lieutenant Cheston's compliments to your ladies," said he, "and let them know that he is waiting to see them."

Mrs Marsden now ran down stairs in a wrapper and morning cap, and gave her nephew a very cordial reception. "Do not suppose," said she, "that we are cleaning house. We are to have a party to-night, and I think I can promise you a very pleasant evening. We have sent invitations to all the most genteel families within seven miles, and a number of strangers from the city, who happen to be boarding in the village. Unluckily we have received an unusual number of regrets. However, we are sure of Mrs Washington Potts."

"But where is Albina?" asked Cheston. "The truth is," answered Mrs Marsden, "she is very busy making cakes, as in this place we can buy none that are fit for a party." "I perfectly remember," said Cheston, "the last party at which I was present in your house, I spent a delightful evening." "Yes, I recollect that night," replied Mrs Marsden. "In those days parties were very simple things. We invited but as many as could be accommodated with seats. The young people played at forfeits, and sang English and Scotch songs, and at the close of the evening danced to the piano. How Mrs Washington Potts would be shocked if she were to find herself at one of those obsolete parties!"

"Pray, who is this Mrs Washington Potts?" said Cheston; "she must be a person of some consequence." "She is wife to a gentleman that has made a fortune in New Orleans," replied Mrs Marsden. "They came last winter to live in Philadelphia, having first visited London and Paris. During the warm weather, they took lodgings in this village, and we have become quite intimate; so we have concluded to give them a party previous to their return to Philadelphia, which is to take place immediately. You have no idea how sociable—how vastly genteel—she is. She was so condescending as to return our call, which you know from a lady like her was excessively polite; it would have surprised you to have seen how affably she behaved to us." "Not at all," said Cheston; "I should not have expected that" she would have treated you rudely." "She really," continued Mrs Marsden, "grew quite intimate before her visit was over, and took our hands at parting. And as she went out through the garden, she stopped to admire Albina's moss-roses, so we could do no less than give her all that were blown. From that day she has always sent to us when she wants flowers." "No doubt of it," said Cheston.

In the meantime, Albina had taken off the brown Holland bib apron which she had worn all day in the kitchen, and, telling the cook to watch carefully the plumb-cake that was baking, she hastened to her room by a back staircase, and proceeded to take the pins out of her hair; for where is the young lady, that, on any emergency whatever, would appear before a young gentleman with her hair pinned up? Finally, she came down "in prime array;" and Cheston, who had left her a school-girl, found her now grown to womanhood, and more beautiful than ever. Still he could

not forbear reproving her for treating him so much as a stranger, and not coming to him at once in her morning dress.

"Mrs Washington Potts," said Albina, "is of opinion that a young lady should never be seen in dishabille by a gentleman." Cheston now found it very difficult to hear the name of Mrs Potts with patience. "Albina," thought he, "is bewitched, as well as her mother." He spoke of his cruise in the Mediterranean, and Albina told him that she had seen a beautiful view of the Bay of Naples in a souvenir belonging to Mrs Washington Potts.

"I have brought with me some sketches of Mediterranean scenery," pursued Cheston; "you know I draw a little. I promise myself great pleasure in showing and explaining them to you." "Oh! do send them this afternoon!" exclaimed Albina; "they will be the very things for the centre table. I dare say the Montagues will recognise some of the places they have seen in Italy, for they have travelled all over the south of Europe." "And who are the Montagues?" inquired Cheston. "They are a very elegant English family," answered Mrs Marsden; "cousins in some way to several noblemen." "Perhaps so," said Cheston. "Albina met with them at the lodgings of Mrs Washington Potts," pursued Mrs Marsden; "and so she inclosed her card, and sent them invitations for the party. They have as yet returned no answer; but that is no proof they will not come, for perhaps it may be the newest fashion in England not to answer notes." "You know the English are a very peculiar people," remarked Albina.

"And now, Albina," said Cheston, "I will only detain you while you indulge me with 'Auld Lang Syne.' I see the piano has been moved out into the porch." "Oh! Bromley Cheston," exclaimed Albina, "do not ask me to play any of those antediluvian Scotch songs. Mrs Washington Potts cannot tolerate any thing but Italian." Cheston, who had no taste for Italian, immediately took his hat, and, apologising for the length of his stay, was going away with the thought that Albina had much deteriorated in growing up.

"We shall see you this evening without the ceremony of a further invitation?" said Albina. "Of course," replied Cheston. "I quite long to introduce you to Mrs Washington Potts," said Mrs Marsden.

"What simpletons these women are!" thought Cheston, as he hastily left the mother and daughter to pursue their arduous duties.

Passing over the recital of those fatiguing and self-imposed duties preparatory to the "grand party" from which so much happiness was expected to be derived, we come to the entertainment, with all its glories. The company arrived fast. The throng commenced. Bromley Cheston had come early to assist in doing the honours, and as he led Albina to a seat, he saw that in spite of her smiles she looked weary and out of spirits, and he pitied her. "After all," thought he, "there is much that is interesting about Albina Marsden."

The Montagues, or great people from England, sat together in a corner, putting up their eye-glasses at every one that entered the room, and criticising the company in loud whispers to each other; poor Mrs Marsden endeavouring to catch opportunities of paying her court to them. About nine o'clock, appeared an immense cap of blonde lace, gauze riband, and flowers; and under the cap was Mrs Washington Potts, a little thin trifling-looking woman, with a whitish freckled face, small sharp features, and flaxen hair. She leaned on the arm of Mr Washington Potts, who was nothing in company or any where else; and she led by the hand a little boy in a suit of scarlet, braided and frogged with blue: a pale rat-looking child, whose name she pronounced Laughly-yet, meaning Lafayette; and who, being the youngest scion of the house of Potts, always went to parties with his mother, because he would not stay at home.

Bromley Cheston, on being introduced to Mrs Washington Potts, was surprised at the insignificance of her figure and face. He had imagined her tall in stature, large in feature, loud in voice, at least elegant in appearance. He found her, however, to be one of those pert vulgarly genteel women, who impose upon simple people by their forwardness and affectation of fashionable manners—one replete with vanity, pride, ignorance, and folly.

Mrs Potts was delighted with the handsome face and figure, and the very genteel appearance, of the young lieutenant, and she bestowed upon him a large portion of her talk. "I hear, sir," said she, "you have been in the Mediterranean Sea. A sweet pretty place, is it not?" "Its shores," replied Cheston, "are certainly very beautiful." "Yes, I should admire its chalky cliffs vastly," resumed Mrs Potts; "they are quite poetical, you know. Pray, sir, which do you prefer—Byron or Bonaparte? I doat upon Byron; and, considering what sweet verses he wrote, 'tis a pity he was a corsair, and a vampire pirate, and all such horrid things. As for Bonaparte, I never could endure him after I found that he had cut off poor old King George's head. Now, when we talk of great men, my husband is altogether for Washington. I laugh, and tell Mr Potts it's because he and Washington are namesakes. How do you like Lafayette?" "The man or the name?" inquired Cheston. "Oh! both to be sure. You see we have called our youngest blossom after him. Come here, Lafayette; stand forward, my dear; hold up your head, and make a bow to the gentleman." "I won't," screamed Lafayette; "I'll

never make a bow when you tell me." "Something of the spirit of his ancestors," said Mrs Potts, affectedly smiling to Cheston, and patting the urchin on the head. "His ancestors!" thought Cheston, "who could they possibly have been?"

In this manner Mrs Potts ran on till the entrance of tea, and Cheston took that opportunity of escaping from her. He could not but think of the strange depravity of taste that is sometimes found even in intelligent minds; for in no other way could he account for Albina's predilection for Mrs Washington Potts. At length all the refreshments had gone their rounds. This was the signal for the company to break up, and Mrs Marsden gladly smiled them out, while Albina was glad to be left to repose.

Next morning, Bromley Cheston received a letter which required his immediate presence in New York, on business of importance. When he went to take leave of his aunt and cousin, he found them busily engaged in the troublesome task of cleaning away and putting in order. They looked pale and spiritless, and Mrs Washington Potts had just sent her three boys to spend the day with them.

When Cheston took Albina's hand at parting, he felt it tremble, and her eyes looked as if they were filling with tears. "After all," thought he, "she is a charming girl, and has both sense and sensibility." "I am very nervous to-day," said Albina; "the party has been too much for me, and I have in prospect for to-morrow the pain of taking leave of Mrs Washington Potts, who returns with all her family to Philadelphia."

"Strange infatuation!" thought Cheston, as he dropped Albina's hand, and made his parting bow. "I must see more of this girl before I can resolve to trust my happiness to her keeping. I cannot share her heart with Mrs Washington Potts. When I return from New York, I will talk to her seriously about that ridiculous woman, and I will also remonstrate with her mother on the folly of straining every nerve in the pursuit of what she calls a certain style."

In the afternoon, Mrs Potts did Albina the honour to send for her to assist in the preparations for to-morrow's removal to town. At parting, Mrs Potts went so far as to kiss Albina, and made her promise to let her know immediately, whenever she and her mother came to the city—"she would be so delighted to see them."

Several months elapsed. Mrs Marsden and her daughter arrived in Philadelphia, and took especial care that their friend Mrs Potts should know that they were in town. Shortly afterwards they called on Mrs Potts, who received them with freezing coolness. But what appeared most strange, was Mrs Potts saying nothing to them of the party which they had heard she was soon to give to "her friends." Three days after their visit, Mrs Washington Potts left cards for Mrs and Miss Marsden, without inquiring if they were at home; and they heard that her party was fixed for the week after next, and that it was expected to be very splendid, as it was to introduce her daughter, who had just quitted boarding-school.

At length they heard that the invitations were going out for Mrs Potts's party, and that, though very large, it was not to be general. From this moment Mrs Marsden, who at the best of times had never really been treated with much respect by Mrs Potts, gave up all hope of an invitation for herself, but she counted certainly on one for Albina, and every ring at the door was expected to bring it. Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, passed over, and still no invitation. Albina was almost sick with "hope deferred." At last, when she came home on Monday morning from Second Street, her mother met her at the door with a delighted face, and showed her the long-desired note, which had just been brought by Mrs Potts's own man. The party was to take place in two days; and so great was now Albina's happiness, that she scarcely felt the fatigue of searching the shops for articles of attire.

Next morning, Mrs Potts sent for Albina immediately after breakfast, and told her, that, as she knew her to be very clever at all sorts of things, she wanted her to stay that day, and assist in the preparations for the next. Mrs Potts, like many other people who live in showy houses and dress extravagantly, was very economical in servants. About noon, Albina having occasion to consult Mrs Potts concerning something that was to be done, found her in the front parlour with Mrs and Miss Montague. After Albina had left the room, Mrs Montague said to Mrs Potts, "Is not that the girl that lives with her mother at the place on the river—I forget what you call it?" "That is Albina Marsden," replied Mrs Potts. "Yes," pursued Mrs Montague, "the people that made so great an exertion to give you a sort of party, and honoured Mr and Miss Montague and myself with invitations." "She's not to be here to-morrow night, I hope!" exclaimed Miss Montague. "Really," replied Mrs Potts, "I could do no less than ask her. The poor thing did her very best to be civil to us all last summer." "Oh!" said Mrs Montague, "in the country one is willing sometimes to take up with such company as we should be very sorry to acknowledge in town. You assured me that your party to-morrow night would be extremely select. And as it is so early in the season, you know that it is necessary to be more particular now than at the close of the campaign, when every one is tired of parties, and unwilling to get new evening-dresses, lest they should be out of fashion before they are wanted again. Excuse

me; are you not afraid to bring forward so beautiful a girl as this Miss Marsden on the very night of your own daughter's debut?"

Mrs Potts looked alarmed for a moment, and then recovering herself, said, "I have no fear of Miss Harriet Angelina Potts being thrown in the shade by a country girl like this. Albina Marsden is pretty enough, to be sure; at least, rather pretty; but then there is a certain style, a certain air which she of course—in short, a certain style—"

"As to what you call a certain style," said Mrs Montague, "I do not know exactly what you mean. If it signify the air and manner of a lady, this Miss Marsden has as much of it as any other American girl. To me they are all nearly alike. Take my advice, and if she is invited, endeavour to uninvite her."

All day Mrs Potts was revolving in her mind the most feasible means of preventing Albina from appearing at her party; and her conscience smote her when she saw the unsuspecting girl so indefatigable in assisting with the preparations. Before Albina went home, Mrs Potts had come to the conclusion to follow Mrs Montague's advice, but she shrunk from the task of telling her so in person. She determined to send her, next morning, a concise note, politely requesting her not to come; and she intended afterwards to call on her and apologise, on the plea of her party being by no means general, but still so large that every inch of room was an object of importance; also that the selection consisted entirely of persons well known to each other, and accustomed to meet in company, and that there was every reason to fear that her gentle and modest friend Albina would have been unable to enjoy herself among so many strangers, and so on. These excuses she knew were very flimsy, but she trusted to Albina's good nature, and she thought she could smooth off all by inviting her and her mother to a sociable tea—that is, a party of inferior persons.

Next morning Mrs Potts wrote and dispatched the following note to Albina:—"Mrs Washington Potts's compliments to Miss Marsden, and she regrets being under the necessity of dispensing with Miss M.'s company to join the social circle at her mansion-house this evening. Mrs W. P. will explain hereafter, and hopes Mrs and Miss M. are both well. Mr W. P. requests his respects to both ladies, as also Miss Potts, and their favourite little Lafayette desires his best love." This billet arrived while Albina had gone to her mantuamaker to have her new dress fitted on for the last time. Her mother opened the note and read it—a liberty which no parent should take with the correspondence of a grown-up daughter. Mrs Marsden was shocked at its contents, and at a loss to guess the motive of so strange an interdiction. At first her only emotion was resentment against Mrs Potts. Then she thought of the disappointment and mortification of poor Albina, whom she pictured to herself passing a forlorn evening at home. Next, she recollected the elegant new dress in which Albina would have looked so beautifully, and which would now be useless. And for these, and other considerations equally frivolous, did this fond mother resolve to suppress the note she had received, and allow her daughter to proceed unsuspectingly to the party of Mrs Potts.

Evening came, and Albina's beautiful hair was arranged and decorated by a fashionable French friseur. She was dressed, and looked charmingly. Albina knew that Mrs Potts had sent an invitation to the United States Hotel for Lieutenant Cheston, who was daily expected, but had not yet returned from New York, and she regretted much that she could not go to the party under his escort. She knew no one else of the company, and she had no alternative but to send for a carriage and proceed thither by herself, after her mother had dispatched repeated messages to the hotel, to know if Mr Cheston had not arrived, for he was certainly expected back that evening.

As Albina drove to the house, she felt all the terrors of diffidence coming upon her, and already repented that she had ventured on this enterprise alone. On arriving, she did not go into the ladies' room, but gave her hood and cloak at once to a servant, and tremulously requested another attendant to inform Mr Potts that a lady wished to see him. Mr Potts accordingly came out into the hall, and looked surprised at finding Albina there, for he had heard his wife and daughter talking of the note of interdiction. But concluding, as he often did, that it was in vain for him to try to comprehend the proceedings of women, he thought it best to say nothing.

On Albina requesting him to accompany her on her entrance, he gave her his arm in silence, and with a very perplexed face escorted her into the principal room. As he led her up to his wife, his countenance gradually changed from perplexity to something like fright. Albina paid her compliments to Mrs Potts, who received her with evident amazement, and without replying. Mrs Montague, who sat next to the lady of the mansion, opened still wider her large eyes, and then, "to make assurance doubly sure," applied her opera-glass. Miss Montague first stared, and then laughed. Albina, much disconcerted, turned to look for a seat, Mr Potts having withdrawn his arm. As she retired to the only vacant chair, she heard a half whisper running along the line of ladies, and though she could not distinguish the words so as to make any connected sense of them, she felt that they alluded to her.

"Can I believe my eyes?" said Mrs Potts. "The assurance of American girls is astonishing," said Mrs

Montague. "She was forbidden to come," said Miss Montague to a young lady beside her; "Mrs Potts herself forbade her to come." "I sent her myself a note of prohibition," said Mrs Potts, leaning over to Mrs Smith; "I had serious objections to having her here." The story was soon circulated round the room in whispers and murmurs, and no one had candour or kindness to suggest the possibility of Miss Marsden never having received the note. Albina soon perceived herself to be an object of remark and animadversion, and she was sadly at a loss to divine the cause. The two ladies that were nearest to her rose up and left their seats, while two others edged their chairs farther off. She knew no one, was introduced to no one, but she saw that every one was looking at her as she sat by herself, alone, conspicuous, and abashed. Her situation became every moment more intolerable: she felt that there was nothing left her but to go home. Unluckily, she had ordered the carriage at eleven o'clock. At last she resolved on making a great effort, and, on plea of a violent headache (a plea which by this time was literally true), to ask Mrs Potts if she would allow a servant to bring a coach for her. After several attempts, she rose for this purpose, but she saw at the same moment that all eyes were turned upon her. She tremblingly and with downcast looks advanced till she got into the middle of the room, and then all her courage deserted her at once, when she heard some one say, "I wonder what she is going to do next."

She stopped suddenly, and stood motionless, and she saw Miss Potts giggle, and heard her say to a school girl near her, "I suppose she is going to speak a speech." She turned very pale, and felt as if she could gladly sink into the floor, when suddenly some one took her hand, and the voice of Bromley Cheston said to her, "Albina—Miss Marsden—I will conduct you wherever you wish to go." And then, lowering his tone, he asked her, "Why this agitation; what has happened to distress you?"

Albina, on hearing the voice of a friend—the voice of Bromley Cheston, was completely overcome, and she covered her face and burst into tears. "Albina," said Cheston, "I will not now ask an explanation; I see that, whatever may have happened, you had best go home." "Oh, most gladly, most thankfully!" she exclaimed, in a voice almost inarticulate with sobs. Cheston drew her arm within his, and, bowing to Mrs Potts, he led Albina out of the apartment, and conducted her to the staircase, whence she went to the ladies' room to compose herself, and prepare for her departure. Cheston then sent one servant for a carriage, and another to tell Mr Potts that he desired to speak with him in the hall. Potts came out with a pale frightened face, and said, "Indeed, sir, indeed I had nothing to do with it; ask the women. It was all them entirely. It was the women that laughed at Miss Albina, and whispered about her." "For what?" demanded the lieutenant; "I insist on knowing for what cause." "Why, sir," replied Potts, "she came here to my wife's party after Mrs Potts had sent her a note desiring her to stay away, which was certainly an odd thing for a young lady to do." "There is some mistake," exclaimed Cheston; "I'll stake my life that she never saw the note. And now, for what reason did Mrs Potts write such a note? How did she dare?" "Oh!" replied Potts, stammering and hesitating, "somehow, after Mrs Potts had invited Miss Albina, she thought, on further consideration, that poor Miss Albina was not genteel enough for her party. You know all the women now make a point of being genteel. But indeed, sir—(observing the storm that was gathering on Cheston's brow)—indeed, sir, I was not to blame; it was altogether the fault of my wife." The indignation of the lieutenant was so highly excited, that nothing could have checked it but the recollection that Potts was in his own house. At this moment Albina came down stairs, and Cheston took her hand, and said to her, "Albina, did you receive a note from Mrs Potts, interdicting your presence at the party?" "Oh, no, indeed!" exclaimed Albina, amazed at the question; "surely she did not send me such a note?" "Yes, she did so," said Potts quickly. "Is it then necessary for me to say," said Albina indignantly, "that under these circumstances nothing could have induced me to enter this house? I saw or heard nothing of this note. And is this the reason that I have been treated so rudely—so cruelly?"

Upon this Mr Potts made his escape, and Cheston, having put Albina into the carriage, desired the coachman to wait a few minutes. He then returned to the drawing-room, and approached Mrs Potts, who was standing with half the company collected round her, and explaining with great volubility the whole history of Albina Marsden. On the appearance of Cheston, she stopped short, and all her auditors looked foolish. The young officer advanced into the centre of the circle, and first addressing Mrs Potts, he said to her, "In justice to Miss Marsden, I have returned, Madam, to inform you that your note of interdiction, with which you have so kindly made all the company acquainted, was till this moment unknown to this young lady. But even had she come wilfully, and it the full knowledge of your prohibition, no circumstances whatever could justify the rudeness with which I find she has been treated." He then bowed and departed, and the company looked still more foolish.

"This lesson," thought Cheston, "will have the salutary effect of curing Albina of her predominant folly—her infatuated adoration of 'gentility.'"

Before the carriage stopped at the residence of Mrs Marsden, Cheston had made Albina an offer of his heart and hand, and the offer was not refused.

Mrs Marsden was scarcely surprised at the earliness of Albina's return from the party, for she had a secret misgiving that all was not right, and she bitterly regretted having suppressed the note. When Albina related to her the story of the evening, Mrs Marsden was overwhelmed with compunction, and, though Cheston was present, she could not refrain from acknowledging at once her culpability, for it certainly deserved no softer name. Cheston and Albina were shocked at this disclosure, but, in compassion to Mrs Marsden, they forbore to add to her distress by a single comment. Cheston shortly after took his leave, saying to Albina as he departed, "I hope you are done for ever with Mrs Washington Potts."

Next morning, Cheston seriously but kindly expostulated with Albina and her mother on the folly and absurdity of sacrificing their comfort, their time, their money, and indeed their self-respect, to the paltry distinction of being capriciously noticed by a few vain silly heartless people, and who, after all, only took them on, or threw them off, as it suited their convenience. "What you say is very true, Bromley," replied Mrs Marsden; "I begin to view these things in their proper light, and, as Albina remarks, we ought to profit by this last lesson. To tell the exact truth, I have heard, since I came to town, that Mrs Washington Potts is, after all, by no means in the first circle, and it is whispered that she and her husband are both of very low origin." "No matter for her circle or her origin," said Cheston; "the only acknowledged distinction should be that which is denoted by superiority of mind and manners."

Next day Lieutenant Cheston escorted Mrs Marsden and Albina back to their own home, and a week afterwards he was sent on a cruise in the West Indies. He returned in the spring, and found Mrs Marsden more rational than he ever had known her, and Albina highly improved by a judicious course of reading, which he had marked out for her. A recent and very large bequest to him from a distant relation, made it no longer necessary that the young lieutenant should wait for promotion before he married Albina; and accordingly their union took place immediately on his return.*

THE WALLACE OF SWEDEN.

SOME three or four hundred years ago, the two small kingdoms of Denmark and Sweden were in a continual state of feud with each other, in much the same manner as England and Scotland used to be about the same period, and from very nearly the same causes. It was always a great object with the Danes to add Sweden to their monarchy; an arrangement which the Swedes by no means liked, but which they more than once had to submit to. Christian II., king of Denmark, usurped the Swedish crown in the year 1520, and was no sooner proclaimed king, than he set about destroying the dearly cherished institutions of the country, and putting many of the noblest Swedes to death. One of his greatest atrocities was the beheading of ninety-four Swedish noblemen, in the course of a few days, in the market-place of Stockholm, besides consigning many more to dungeons in different parts of Denmark.

This conduct on the part of Christian was not relished by the people on whom he had imposed himself as king. They, very naturally, murmured at the loss of their liberty, and resolved on seizing the first favourable opportunity of restoring their national independence. It is to be remarked, that in almost all such cases of national disaster, whether in ancient or modern times, some daring spirit has arisen to combat with the usurper, and strike a patriotic blow for his unhappy country. Wallace of Scotland was one of these heroic men, and Sweden had such another, in the person of a young nobleman named Gustavus Vasa. This intrepid individual, who was a descendant of the old royal family of Sweden—a family which had enjoyed the sovereign power prior to the national misfortunes—was endowed with many excellent qualities of mind, and his handsome person and noble countenance prepossessed all in his favour. His artless eloquence was irresistible; and his prudence was equalled by his courage and the boldness of his conceptions. Having made himself conspicuous by his endeavours to avert the thralldom of his country, he was seized by order of Christian, and lodged in a Danish prison. In the solitude of his dungeon, he resolved that he would deliver Sweden from the usurper. He first directed his attention to the gaining of his own personal liberty, which he at length with some difficulty effected, and forthwith fled in the disguise of a peasant, taking a path which led him back to his native country.

The adventures of Gustavus are now full of interest. The narrow escapes which he made from his enemies, who were everywhere searching for him, resemble more those of romance than the events of sober history. It is mentioned that he wrought for some time in the iron mines as a common labourer; but being very nearly discovered while in this situation, he consulted his

safety by leaving the spot, and wandering towards the poor hilly region of Dalecarlia, where he imagined he should find a secure retreat. The place to which he bent his steps was the residence of a disbanded military officer named Peterson, whom he had formerly known and benefited. "Peterson—(we here quote the account given by Sir Robert Ker Porter in his Travels in Russia and Sweden)—Peterson received him with every mark of friendship, nay, treated him with that respect and submission which noble minds are proud to pay to the truly great, when robbed of their external honours. He seemed more afflicted by the misfortunes of Gustavus than that prince was for himself; and exclaimed with such vehemence against the Danes, that, instead of awaiting a proposal to take up arms, he offered, unasked, to try the spirit of the mountaineers, and declared that himself and his vassals would be the first to set an example, and turn out under the command of his beloved general.

Gustavus was rejoiced to find that he had at last found a man who was not afraid to draw his sword in the defence of his country, and endeavoured, by the most impressive arguments, and the prospect of a suitable recompense for the personal risks he ran, to confirm him in so generous a resolution. Peterson answered with repeated assurances of fidelity: he named the gentlemen and the leading persons among the peasants whom he hoped to engage in the enterprise. Gustavus relied on his word, and, promising not to name himself to any while he was absent, some days afterwards saw him leave the house to put his design in execution.

It was indeed a design, and a black one. Under the specious cloak of a zealous affection for Gustavus, the traitor was contriving his ruin. The hope of making his court to the Danish tyrant, and the expectation of a large reward, made this second Judas resolve to sacrifice his honour to his ambition, and, for the sake of a few ducats, violate the most sacred laws of hospitality, by betraying his guest. In pursuance of that base resolution, he went straight to one of Christian's officers commanding in the province, and informed him that Gustavus was his prisoner. Having committed this treachery, he had not courage to face his victim; and telling the Dane how to surprise the prince, who, he said, believed himself to be under the protection of a friend (shame to manhood, to dare to confess that he could betray such a confidence!) he proposed taking a wider circuit home, while they, apparently unknown to him, rifled it of its treasure. 'It will be an easy matter,' said he; 'for not even my wife knows that it is Gustavus.'

Accordingly, the officer, at the head of a party of well-armed soldiers, marched directly to the lake. The men invested the house, while the leader, abruptly entering, found Peterson's wife, according to the fashion of those days, employed in culinary preparations. At some distance from her sat a young man in a rustic garb, lopping off the knots from the broken branch of a tree. The officer went up to her, and told her he came in King Christian's name to demand the rebel Gustavus, who he knew was concealed under her roof. The dauntless woman never changed colour; she immediately guessed the man whom her husband had introduced as a miner's son, to be the Swedish hero. The door was blocked up by soldiers. In an instant she replied, without once glancing at Gustavus, who sat motionless with surprise, 'If you mean the melancholy gentleman my husband has had here these few days, he has just walked out into the wood on the other side of the hill. Some of those soldiers may readily seize him, as he has no arms with him.'

The officer did not suspect the easy simplicity of her manner, and ordered part of the men to go in quest of him. At that moment, suddenly turning her eyes on Gustavus, she flew up to him, and, catching the stick out of his hand, exclaimed, in an angry voice, 'Unmannerly wretch! What! sit before your betters? Don't you see the king's officers in the room? Get out of my sight, or some of them shall give you a drubbing!' As she spoke, she struck him a blow on the back with all her strength; and opening a side door, 'there, get into the scullery,' cried she; 'it is the fittest place for such company!' and giving him another knock, she flung the stick after him, and shut the door. 'Sure,' added she, in a great heat, 'never woman was plagued with such a lout of a slave!'

The officer begged she would not disturb herself on his account; but she, affecting great reverence for the king, and respect for his representative, prayed him to enter her parlour while she brought some refreshment. The Dane civilly complied—perhaps glad enough to get from the side of a shrew; and she immediately hastened to Gustavus, whom she had bolted in, and, by means of a back passage, conducted him in a moment to a certain little apartment, which projected from the side of the house close to the bank of the lake where the fishers' boats lay; she lowered him down the convenient aperture in the seat, and giving him a direction to an honest curate across the lake, committed him to Providence."

After making this narrow escape, Gustavus was not long in effecting the independence of Sweden. He took the opportunity of a festival, at which the peasants of the canton assembled, and appeared in the midst of them. His noble and confident air, his misfortunes, and the general hatred against Christian, all lent an irresistible power to his words. The people

rushed to arms; the castle of the governor was stormed; and, emboldened by his success, the Dalecarlians—who may be called the Highlanders of Sweden—flocked together under the banners of the conqueror. From this moment, Gustavus entered upon a career of victory. At the head of a self-raised army, he advanced rapidly, and completed the expulsion of the enemy. The estates first conferred upon him the title of administrator, and afterwards proclaimed him as king. Gustavus, however, was not ambitious of sovereignty, and would rather have remained an elective president, notwithstanding his claims of birth. It was not without a sufficient reason that he hesitated to accept the office of king. At this period (1523) Europe was torn with religious dissensions, and the reigning monarchs had an extremely delicate and difficult task in preserving a balance betwixt the advocates of the reformed doctrines and their adversaries. The behaviour of Gustavus upon this occasion is acknowledged to have been exceedingly prudent. He effected the establishment of reformed usages to the satisfaction of all parties. After performing this important duty, he perfected the legislation, formed by his taste and judgment the character of the nation, softened manners, encouraged industry and learning, and extended commerce. After a glorious reign of thirty-seven years, he died in 1560, at the mature age of seventy.

What became of Sweden after the death of this extraordinary man, is a question which may be asked. It continued a monarchy under his descendants till 1809, when the reigning monarch, Gustavus IV., was expelled from the kingly office for repeated acts of folly and bad government. A collateral branch of the family ascended the throne, but death carrying off the crown prince, in 1810, the estates made choice of Bernadotte, one of Bonaparte's generals, as sovereign, and this eminent individual has since remained king of Sweden (which is now united to Norway), under the title of Charles XIV. In the meanwhile, the expelled imbecile, Gustavus IV., became an eccentric religious fanatic, and for some years furnished amusement to the courtly circles of the Continent. His son, we believe, is a lieutenant-colonel in the Austrian service, and takes the name of Gustavson.

THE WORKING CLASSES IN THE COUNTRY.

IN whatever direction we turn our observation, we perceive the symptoms of an ardent desire to improve the social condition of the people. This desire is, however, chiefly manifested in cities and populous towns, where mechanics' institutions, reading-rooms, public lectures on scientific and moral subjects, and other means for advancing general intelligence, adapted to the comprehension of all classes of auditors, are in active operation, and will in a few years work a marvellous change on the conduct of the mass of society. Already there is a degree of orderliness in the behaviour of the industrious classes, which cannot fail to surprise those who have any remembrance of the public outrages, mobbing, and rioting, which used to take place in the streets twenty and thirty years ago, to the great discomfort and danger of respectable citizens. Within our own recollection, no person of decent appearance could with safety appear in the principal thoroughfares on the afternoons of kings' birth-days, or at any other period of general saturnalia. The whole, or nearly the whole, of this unbridled licence is gone. The working mechanics of our cities now exhibit, as we have said, a propriety of behaviour not surpassed by that of any order of inhabitants; and if there be any thing to complain of in the economy of our large towns, it is with reference to the sadly neglected infantile and outcast portion of the community.

While the working classes of the towns have in this manner been generally attracted to pursuits and recreations more ennobling than those which engaged the attention of their predecessors—or, at least, while the means of improvement have been liberally placed within their reach—the advantages of a similar description offered to the working classes in the country, have, except in a few cases—and these chiefly as far as the establishment of parochial libraries is concerned—been much more limited. This less fortunate department of our population may be said to include the inhabitants of small towns and villages, artisans, tradesmen, and those mainly engaged in rural occupations. Doubtless, the numerous district agricultural associations, ploughing matches, book clubs, and so forth, have been of exceeding utility in many respects; but it is pretty obvious, that the classes to whom we refer have had remarkably little encouragement to improve their manners or condition. There they are in many parts of the country, perhaps better lodged and clothed than their forefathers, but in thousands of instances not advanced above a step or two in intelligence or social improvement—the same eternal dunghills and jawholes ostentatiously paraded in front of their cottages—the same ignorance of the principles of ventilation—the

* Altered and abridged from a tale by Miss Leslie in an American periodical designated the "Lady's Book," Philadelphia, 1822.

same slovenliness of habits—the same excuse for indifference in matters of practical utility—they cannot be fashed.”

We are aware that in small towns and villages there do not exist those active spirits which are at work in the large seats of population, aiding, by their influence and advice, in the establishment of institutions of an educational and humanising character; nevertheless, the most thinly peopled districts are not without a certain number of resident gentry, clergy, and others possessing leisure, who, were they to bestir themselves, might soon effect a very considerable advance in the physical and moral condition of the working classes. We should like much to hear of the establishment of societies with such desirable objects in view, each society operating on something like an uniform plan, yet suitable to the peculiar character and wants of the district in which it was located. In order to place before our readers what may be accomplished by societies so established, we shall give an account of an institution called “The Glenkens Society,” two of the Annual Reports of which (the fourth and fifth) are now before us.

The society originated in the Glenkens, a district in the upper part of the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, in the south of Scotland, and comprehended at first only the parishes of Dalry and Kells; the parishes of Balmaclellan and Carsphairn were afterwards added. The directors are chiefly gentlemen in, or belonging to, the district and its neighbourhood. The annual subscription for proprietors of land is the sum of £1, and for all other members 10s. With these pecuniary resources, as well as donations, the first object of the society is to improve the condition of the working classes in the district, by stimulating their exertions in their different occupations. “Our ultimate view (say the writers of the Report for 1834) is to improve the condition of all those who gain their subsistence by labour of any kind; and this we hope to accomplish, by bringing into active exercise and perfecting those powers which Nature has bestowed on them. For that purpose we offer prizes for superior merit; first to small classes, frequently not embracing more than a single parish; then to the best among the winners of a district of parishes; and if our bounds were sufficiently extensive, we would, in many cases, have county competitions among the winners of the district prizes. In most cases, we leave the choice of the judges to the competitors themselves.

Our first object has been to forward such branches of education in the schools as we think of peculiar use to the lower classes, namely, writing, the first four rules of arithmetic, and the study of Scripture history. Our second object is to cultivate the useful arts, which occupy the great body of the people; and our third object is to draw the attention of our countrymen to those domestic comforts which are essential to health, and by no means inefficient in improving the moral character. The prizes offered by us for all of these objects, except the last, are merely honorary, and are given in the form of books, each of course bearing an inscription setting forth the merits of the winner. In the Glenkens’ district, where our system is now generally well understood, the school competitions excite the greatest possible interest. The masters, the pupils with their parents and friends, in short the whole population, look to them with the most intense anxiety.

Our competitions among the trades have still been confined to joiners’ apprentices, and we have again tried them by the same tests as formerly—the juniors by a half-inch mortise and tenon at right angles, the seniors by a half-inch mortise and tenon at an angle of 45°. Of all workmen, apprentices are generally the most indolent. Among masters, this complaint is universal. Boys, even who when at school have shown no want of ambition and activity in executing their tasks, when put into a workshop, though in a trade of their own choosing, become altogether listless and indifferent. The obvious cause is, that they find themselves completely isolated, without any one nearly on a par with themselves, with whose progress they can compare their own. But we find no sluggishness of this kind among our competitors. Their anxiety to distinguish themselves has not been less than that of the schoolmasters and their pupils, and it has been attended with perfectly similar results. The work of the last competition has been greatly superior to that of any former one, and on comparing it with that of the first, we find a very considerable increase in the rapidity of execution.

The importance of our third object, the improvement of the domestic economy of the labouring classes, is admitted on all hands, but very various opinions are entertained as to the most efficient means for its accomplishment. Some think their present habitations so bad, that nothing can be done till the whole of them are pulled down, and others of a better description substituted in their place. But though far the greater proportion of them are very poor, they are by no means all so, and even the worst of them admit of being made very considerably better than they are at present. On the other hand, it is by no means certain that cottages of the very best description would have the effect of changing the character of the inhabitants. But if we do what can be done now, towards the improvement of their habits, as the present uncomfortable fabrics tumble down, others will rise in their place, adapted to the improved taste of the population. Many who agree with us in this view—indeed, we may say most of those who entertain this opinion—think that

the point first to be attended to, is to secure the most thorough purification of the interior. But a fair competition of this kind would be impossible, and it would imply an inquisitorial examination, which would be any thing but desirable. It must be obvious to every one, that all the nastiness which is to be found in Scotch cottages begins with the slops which are thrown out at the door, and that, while filth is permitted to fester there, all attempts at cleanliness within must be fruitless. Our great object, therefore, has been to get rid of this evil. One of our indispensable requisites is, that every kind of nuisance shall be removed from the door; and the comparison between the work of the different competitors is restricted to the degree of ornament which they have bestowed on the ground at the front and gables of their houses. We trust that if we can redeem these spots from their present deformities, and cover them with something which the owners may take a pride to preserve, the same good taste will extend itself to the rest of the establishment; and our expectations have been fully realised.

We this year offered a premium of thirty shillings for the neatest kept cottage in each parish, fifteen shillings for the second neatest, and one pound more for the neatest in the district. Dalry has again taken the lead in this competition, and furnished four competitors. Balmaclellan, which was assumed last year into the district for the first time, and which produced no competitors for that year, has this year had two, and two more expressed their wish to compete after the time for receiving names had expired. From Kells, we have again had two competitors; Carsphairn, which, in some respects, has the advantage of all the other parishes in this district, has not furnished any competitors for this year.

All of the competitors have complied with our regulations, and some of them have produced very neat little shrubberies; nor have the improvements of former years been any where neglected, even by persons who, having gained our highest prizes, are excluded from all future competitions. The annual medals given by the Highland Society have been of the greatest use in this respect. Those on whom they have been conferred set the highest value upon these permanent badges of merit, and are anxious to show themselves not undeserving of possessing them. Similar improvements continue to extend among the farmers and small farmers, who are excluded from our competitions; and almost in every case we observe that the neatness of the inside keeps pace with that of the exterior. Several new cottages of a better description are in progress, and in the course of the last year, one public-spirited gentleman has erected two upon his estate, which would do credit to any part of England. They will no doubt be imitated, in part at least, though the expense may prevent their being in any instance completely copied.

The same cottage garden prizes were offered by us as last year, namely, ten shillings for the best in each parish, and ten shillings more for the best in the district. Three competitors appeared from Dalry, two from Balmaclellan, and one from Kells. From Carsphairn, we regret to say that we have had none. These premiums also are producing a good effect.”

Turning to the Fifth Annual Report, or that for 1835, we find that in all these various branches the same keenness in competition was manifested. Speaking of mathematical studies, the reporters make the following statement:—“In our last Report we expressed a wish that a class of mathematics should be instituted to prepare tradesmen for the study of mechanics, and also that they should be provided with the means of acquiring some knowledge of drawing. No regular classes of either kind have yet been formed, but the young men have, in a great measure, supplied the want by their own assiduity. Mathematics are now very generally studied by them in private, and the treatises on mechanics which we have put into their hands as prizes, are read by them with the utmost avidity. We had no doubt that those who had been at such pains to master the practical part of their art, would fall on ways and means for acquiring the knowledge of its principles which these treatises afford; nor did we doubt that individuals would occasionally make their way through all the difficulties which occur at the entrance on such studies, without the assistance of a master, as many have already done; but we were by no means prepared to expect that this would at once become general, and it cannot fail to produce most important consequences. The anxiety for information which has carried these young men so far, will carry them still farther, and we have no doubt that many of them will do honour both to themselves and to their country. We see symptoms of this already. The winner in our junior class of last year has since spent several months in Edinburgh, for the purpose of obtaining lessons in architectural drawing, and to so much purpose, that his master wished him to remain, free of charge, and to assist in teaching the other pupils. All his spare money he expended in the purchase of books. He has carried our highest prize of this year, and proposes to resume his studies in Edinburgh in winter.”

The improvement of skill in horse-shoeing, joining, agricultural implement making, dyke or dry-stone wall building, ploughing, and spade-work, are next adverted to, after which the reporters proceed to the all-important subject of cottage improvement:—“We have next to notice our cottage competitions, which we know most of our constituents regard with much

interest. There are indeed few objects on which the eye rests with more unmixt pleasure than the abodes of humble industry, when dressed in those simple ornaments which admit of being put on the very poorest among them. Yet this is the least important view of the matter. We are more and more satisfied that those simple external ornaments which attract the admiration of the passing stranger, are the best preservative of such internal comforts as are essential to health. Other improvements almost uniformly follow. An air of polish and refinement gradually extends over the whole, and whatever would hurt the general symmetry is corrected long before it becomes otherwise injurious. In this, as in every other matter, the first step regulates all the rest. If it shall happen to be upwards (however trifling the advance, though it should only consist in putting in a few plants of ivy or honeysuckle), it will almost to a certainty lead to something better. If, on the other hand, this first step shall be in an opposite direction, it will just as certainly lead to further degradation. A person who is contented to wade into his house through weeds and rubbish, presently becomes callous to the stearns of a dunghill. The interior soon sympathises with the abominations of the entrance. Pane is broken after pane, till the light of day is all but excluded by patches of paper and bundles of rags. A drop or two from the roof form but a trifling addition, and excite no attention, till the rafters give way and admit a deluge. Food and clothing alike go to waste, and then come want and disease in their worst forms. Nor does the evil stop here. Considerations of character soon lose their weight with persons who have thrown aside all regard to the outward decencies of life. They seldom fail to seek relief from the difficulties which they have brought upon themselves, in expedients from which, under other circumstances, they would have recoiled, and not unfrequently they end in becoming as thoroughly debased and polluted in mind as they are in body.

The improvements which we have recommended continue to spread in the district. Last year one of the inhabitants of the village of Dalry, to whose exertions we owe much, had a shrubbery laid out for himself by a gardener from Castle-Douglas. This year five more have followed his example, and various instances occur of minor works of a similar kind. Indeed, comparatively few of the cottages within our bounds are now deformed by any thing deserving the name of a nuisance, and in the interior of most of them there is a wonderful degree of neatness. For much of this we are no doubt indebted to the committees of health during the prevalence of cholera, but we flatter ourselves that we have been of some use in preventing a relapse into former habits.

For our cottage garden prizes we have had two competitors from Balmaclellan, one from Carsphairn, two from Dalry, and two from Kells. The district prize was won by Dalry, and by a piece of ground which was previously very unproductive. The crops of all kinds which it now bears, are excellent, and the return which it has made will certainly induce others to spend a little of their spare time in the same way. A proposal has been made among our cottars to institute prizes for particular kinds of vegetables, from contributions of their own. We trust it will be carried into effect. Though all may not be disposed to bestow the same labour on their gardens as the winner of our district prize, few can grudge the trouble of cultivating a single bed, and that would be sufficient to enable them to enter this new competition with a fair prospect of success. Such have been our proceedings of last year in the Glenkens’ district, and thus far, at least, we trust we shall have the approbation of our constituents. A taste for comforts of a higher order is every where gaining ground, and the improving dexterity and intelligence of our tradesmen are daily rendering these comforts more accessible.”

A SUPERSTITIOUS JUGGLE EXPLAINED.

BACON, LORD VERULAM, in his dissertation on natural history, mentions a number of curious experiments which may be made on plants, in reference to their liability to improve and degenerate according to the attention bestowed on their culture. After speaking of the antipathies and sympathies of certain plants towards each other, which he explains to arise not from supernatural causes, or the possession of reasoning powers in vegetables, but from peculiar qualities of soil, he proceeds, as follows, to speak of a superstition regarding the sympathy which plants manifest towards the sun:—“Some of the ancient, and likewise divers of the modern writers, that have laboured in natural magic, have noted a sympathy between the sun, moon, and some principal stars, and certain herbs and plants. And so they have denominated some herbs solar, and some lunar; and such like toys put into great words. It is manifest that there are some flowers that have respect to the sun in two kinds, the one by opening and shutting, and the other by bowing and inclining the head; for marigolds, tulips, pimpernel, and indeed most flowers, do open and spread their leaves abroad when the sun shineth serene and fair: and again, in some part, close them, or gather them inward, either towards night, or when the sky is overcast. Of this there needeth no such solemn reasons to be assigned; as to say, that they rejoice at the presence of the sun, and mourn at the absence thereof; for it is nothing else but a little loading of the leaves

and swelling them at the bottom, with the moisture of the air, whereas the dry air doth extend them; and they make it a piece of the wonder, that garden clover will hide the stalk when the sun showeth bright: which is nothing but a full expansion of the leaves. For the bowing and inclining the head, it is found in the great flower of the sun, in marygolds, wart-wort, mallow flowers, and others. The cause is somewhat more obscure than the former; but I take it to be no other, but that the part against which the sun beate waxeth more faint and flaccid in the stalk, and thereby less able to support the flower.

What a little moisture will do in vegetables, even though they be dead and severed from the earth, appeareth well in the experiment of jugglers. They take the beard of an oat, which, if you mark it well, is wreathed at the bottom, and one smooth entire straw at the top. They take only the part that is wreathed, and cut off the other, leaving the beard half the breadth of a finger in length. Then they make a little cross of a quill, longways of that part of the quill which hath the pith, and crossways of that piece of the quill without pith; the whole cross being the breadth of a finger high. Then they prick the bottom where the pith is, and thereinto they put the oatens beard, leaving half of it sticking forth of the quill: then they take a little white box of wood, to deceive men, as if somewhat in the box did work the feat; in which, with a pin, they make a little hole, enough to take the beard, but not to let the cross sink down, but to stick. Then, likewise, by way of imposture, they make a question; as, Who is the fairest woman in the company? or, Who hath a glove or card? and cause another to name divers persons: and upon every naming they stick the cross in the box, having first put it towards their mouth, as if they charmed it; and the cross stirreth not; but when they come to the person that they would take, as they hold the cross to their mouth, they touch the beard with the tip of their tongue, and wet it; and so stick the cross in the box; and then you shall see it turn finely and softly three or four turns, which is caused by the untwining of the beard by the moisture. You may see it more evidently, if you stick the cross between your fingers instead of the box; and therefore you may see, that this motion, which is effected by so little wet, is stronger than the closing or bending of the head of a marygold.

CORN-MILLS IN ANCIENT TIMES.

BY PROFESSOR TENNANT.

TILL about fifty years before the commencement of the Christian era, the ancients had no large mills forced round by water, but ground their corn in small mills of one stone rolling rapidly round upon another, and impelled by the hands of women-servants or slaves. The stones used for that purpose were circular, portable, nicely wrought, and adapted for turning; the upper one being the smaller of the two, with an iron or wooden handle fixed into its edge; the lower being larger, and probably harder—at least if we may infer from an expression in the book of Job, "hard as a piece of the nether millstone." An excellent quarry in the neighbourhood of Babylon (we are informed by Xenophon) supplied all the countries of the East with such millstones. That women, or maid-servants, generally performed this piece of domestic labour, we are assured by the very first mention made of grinding with mills, that, in Exodus (xi. 5), "All the first-born in the land of Egypt shall die, from the first-born of Pharaoh that sitteth upon the throne, even unto the first-born of the maid-servant that is behind the mill;" in which passage, from the contrasted states of dignity and meanness, it is plain, that, in Egypt at least, the drudgery of grinding was deemed the lowest possible. Two women were generally employed; they sat facing each other, with the millstones between them, which was kept whirling by alternate impulses of the hand. Slaves taken in war were frequently doomed to undergo this tedious penance; Samson "did grind in the prison-house of the Philistines;" the Hebrews, in their Babylonish captivity, were subjected to its degradation; "they took our young men to grind," says Jeremiah in his lamentations; and Isaiah, in his prophetic declaration to Babylon for her impending state of captivity, bids her, as a proper badge of her servile subjection, "take millstones and grind meal." The piece of a millstone whereby Abimelech was slain, when he was attacking the tower of Thebez, was cast upon his head "by a certain woman," whom it befitted to wield as a weapon the humble utensil of her daily occupation.

Portable millstones of this description must have been brought by the children of Israel from Egypt, and carried with them all the way through the wilderness, as we read in Numbers (xi. 8) that "the people ground the manna in mills." As by the laws of Athens no creditor was allowed to detain the plough and other simple and necessary utensils of rustic labour, so by the laws of Moses (Deut. xiv. 6) it was permitted to no man "to take the nether or the upper millstone to pledge"—in other words, to take them by restraint in lieu of any debt. The morning before or at sunrise was the time allotted in the domestic arrangement for grinding for the family as much flour as was needful for the consumption of the day. An

interesting particular connected with the practice of nocturnal grinding, may be quoted from the military history of Julian. His forces, when besieging some strong place on the Tigris, had wrought a deep mine under the walls and buildings to the very centre of the city, when his soldiers, on digging the earth upwards to the surface, found themselves after midnight in the middle of the house of a poor woman, who was busily employed in grinding corn for flour-bread, and who, doubtless, was not a little astonished at the emersion into her solitary chamber of such extraordinary visitants.

The operation of grinding by the females was always accompanied, as it still is in the East, with melodious and shrill-trilled ditties, sung in chorus, which sounded strong enough to be heard out of doors throughout all the lanes and streets; the pleasant jollity of which, associated as it was with the just-apparent brightness of dawn, and announcing the approaching activity of village or city population just awaking to their daily labour, gave to this simple domestic operation a peculiar character of happiness, peaceful industry, and tranquillity. The Hebrew writers, accordingly, always connect the sound of the morning mill with prosperity and repose, coupling it, in its degree of vivacity, with "the voice of harpers and musicians;" its cessation they associate with the presence of melancholy, trouble, and adversity. Thus, when the wise man wishes to describe the dreary melancholy of old age, he expresses it by the "sound of the grinding" being "low." "I will take away the sound of the millstone," says Jeremiah, to express utter desolation. We are informed by travellers that such lively chaunts are still sung by females in Persia and Africa when engaged in grinding. The heart of Mungo Park, in the African desert, was softened and reminded of his home by the chaunt of the woman grinding. The Grecian women, also, had a ditty of this kind, called the Song of the Mill. It began, "Grind, mill, grind; even Pittacus king of Mitylene doth grind." For it seems that Pittacus, king or tyrant as he was called, of Mitylene, and reckoned also one of the seven wise men of Greece, had been accustomed, in moments of unoccupied languor, to resort for amusement to the grinding-mill, that being, as he called it, his best gymnasium, or pleasantest exercise in smallest space. As sometimes for health, so sometimes also for obtaining an honest livelihood, was grinding resorted to by persons above the common order. There is a story told of the two philosophers Menedemus and Asclepiades, who, when young men, and students of wisdom under one of the Athenian masters, were enabled to maintain a respectable personal appearance by grinding every night at the mill for two drachmæ, or about 1s. 4d. a-night; on hearing which signal proof of industry, the Areopagites, in admiration of their love of wisdom and frugality, presented them with an honorary donation of two hundred drachmæ, to support them during their time of study.

The Romans seem to have invented a larger class of mills, driven by mules, asses, or oxen (called *mole jumentarie*), and to have introduced them during the course of their conquests in the East. The stones employed in these mills were of a larger size, and much more operose in their revolution, and effective in their labour. Allusion is made to one of these larger millstones in the passage of the Gospel (Luke xvii. 2), where it is said, "it were better that a millstone were hanged about his neck," the larger millstone impelled by asses being there understood in the original; it is to be regretted that the emphasis given to the sentiment by the distinctive word implying the larger stone, is lost in our translation.

The first corn-mill driven by water was invented and set up by Mithridates, king of Cappadocia, the most talented, studious, and ingenious prince of any age or country. It was set up in the neighbourhood of his capital or palace, about seventy years before the commencement of the Christian era. It was probably from this favourable circumstance of the invention of the water-mill, and the facility thereby afforded to the Cappadocian people for making cheap, good, and abundant flour, that the Cappadocian bakers obtained high celebrity, and were much in demand for two or three centuries posterior to the invention of mills, throughout all the Roman world. Coincident with the era of the inventor, as mentioned by Strabo, is the date of the Greek epigram on water-mills by Antipater, a poet of Syria or Asia Minor, who is supposed to have lived sixty or eighty years before Christ. This epigram may be thus translated:—

Ye maids, who toil'd so faithful at the mill,
Now cease from work, and from these toils be still;
Sleep now till dawn, and let the birds with glee
Sing to the ruddy morn on bush and tree;
For what your hands performed so long, so true,
Ceres has charged the water-nymphs to do;
They come, the limpid sisters, to her call,
And on the wheel with dashing fury fall;
Impel the axle with a whirling sound,
And make the massy millstone reel around,
And bring the floury heaps luxuriant to the ground.

The greater convenience and expedition in working of these water-mills soon made them be spread over the world. In about twenty or thirty years after their invention, one was set up on the Tiber. They must have been not uncommon in Italy in the age of Vitruvius, for he gives a description of them. Yet it is rather surprising that Pliny, whose eye nothing of art or nature escapes, has taken no notice of them. In the age of Theodosius (about 380 A. D.), the public corn-mills of the city of Rome seem to have been wrought principally or altogether by slaves. Accord-

ing to an historian, these corn-mills were all placed in the subterranean apartments or cellars of an immense pile of buildings used by the Roman bakers as a public bakehouse. He tells a strange story of this Roman *pistrinum*. It was built, it seems, on an immense scale, with grinding dungeons below, and shops or taverns along its front and sides, where were sold the loaves, and wherein were at the same time exhibited other tavern temptations to seduce the simple ones and the strangers. Into these trap-taverns people went without suspicion; but no sooner were some of them wheeled in, than, by means of some mechanical pitfalls made in the floor, they were precipitated into the grinding-vault, and found themselves irrecoverably caught and imprisoned. There they were compelled to work as drudges of the mill, their friends all the while believing them dead. At last the insidious bakehouse was exposed and destroyed by a soldier of Theodosius. He, too, was plunged into the subterranean mill-house, but fortunately having his sword at his side, he drew it, and by the terror of his menaces, and his layings-about, he forced the people to let him go. The insidious workhouse was exposed, and, by the order of the emperor, demolished to its foundations. At a later period, Rome was supplied with meal from mills placed upon boats on the Tiber, the rush of the water driving the wheels.

Mills on a large scale have been for ages established in all European and other countries in which the arts have been improved. In some of the remote parts of the British islands, however, the practice of bruising corn in a mortar, or of grinding it in a small hand-mill, is not yet entirely disused. In the Highlands of Scotland, these rudely fashioned hand-mills are called *querns*; and the primeval practice of singing while working at them is still kept up. Pennant, in his Tour through Scotland in 1769, gives drawings of the Highland *querns*. Mr Robert Jamieson, in a work entitled "Popular Ballads and Songs," of which he was editor, relates the following interesting anecdote, illustrative of the condition of life in which the *quern* is still, or was lately, in use:—

"On a very hot day in the beginning of autumn, the author, when a stripling, was travelling a-foot over the mountains of Lochaber, from Fort Augustus to Inverness; and when he came to the house where he was to have breakfasted, there was no person at home, nor was there any place where refreshment was to be had nearer than Duris, which is eighteen miles from Fort Augustus. With this disagreeable prospect, he proceeded about three miles farther, and turned aside to the first cottage he saw, where he found a hale-looking, lively, tidy, little, middle-aged woman, spinning wool, with a pot on the fire, and some greens ready to be put into it. She understood no English, and his Gaelic was then by no means good, though he spoke it well enough to be intelligible. She informed him that she had nothing in the house that could be eaten, except cheese, a little sour cream, and some whisky. On being asked, rather sharply, how she could dress the greens without meal, she good-humouredly told him that there was plenty of meal in the croft, pointing to some unreaped barley that stood dead-ripe and dry before the door; and if he could wait half an hour, he should have brose and butter, bread and cheese, bread and milk, or any thing else that he chose. To this he most readily assented, as well on account of the singularity of the proposal, as of the necessity of the time; and the good dame set with all possible expedition about her arduous undertaking. She first of all brought him some cream in a bottle, telling him 'He that will not work, neither shall he eat;' if he wished for butter, he must shake that bottle with all his might, and sing to it like a mavis all the time; for unless he sang to it, no butter would come. She then went to the croft, cut down some barley, burnt the straw to dry the grain, rubbed the grain between her hands, and threw it up before the wind to separate it from the husks; ground it upon a *quern*, sifted it, made a bannock of the meal, set it up to bake before the fire; lastly, went to milk her cow, that was reposing during the heat of the day, and eating some outside cabbage leaves 'ayont the hallan.' She sang like a lark the whole time, varying the strain according to the employment to which it was adapted. In the meanwhile, a hen cackled under the eaves of the cottage; two new-laid eggs were immediately plunged into the boiling pot, and in less than half an hour, the poor, starving, faint, and way-worn minstrel, with wonder and delight, sat down to a repast, that, under such circumstances, would have been a feast for a prince."

GRAYSTEEL,

A TRADITIONAL STORY OF CAITHNESS.

[From the "JOHN O' GROAT JOURNAL," a monthly miscellany of literature and local and general intelligence, recently established at the remote town of Wick in Caithness, and which we trust will meet with the support which so creditable an effort deserves.]

In a beautiful valley in the Highlands of Caithness, lies embosomed a small mountain town, called the Loch of Ranag. The hill of Bencheild, which ascends abruptly from the water's edge, protects it on the north. On the south, it is overlooked by a chain of lofty mountains, individually named Scarabine, Morven, and the Pap, which form a natural barrier betwixt Sutherland and Caithness. Morven, the highest in the range, is nearly two thousand feet above the level of the sea, and turns up conspicuously over the neighbouring summits, like a huge pyramid. The extensive wild lying between

this magnificent chain of hills and Ranag, is clothed in the autumnal season with rich purple heather; and here the plover and the grouse, the denizens of the solitary waste, live unmolested, except by the murderous gun of the sportsman. Near the north edge of the loch to which we have just alluded, there is a small island, on which may be still seen the ruins of an old Keep, or Castle. The last proprietor of this fortalice is said to have been a noted freebooter of the name of Graysteel, who kept the whole county in alarm by his predatory incursions from the Ord to Duncansbay Head, and, like Rob Roy and others of the same stamp, rigorously exacted *black mail*, or protection money. Tradition also reports, that, besides being possessed of great bodily strength, he was an expert swordsman, and a person of such a jealous and tyrannical disposition, that none dared venture to hunt or shoot on his grounds, without being challenged to single combat; and it may be added, that none whom he encountered trespassing in this way ever escaped alive out of his hands. It happened that one of the family of Rollo, while pursuing his sport in the direction, one day unfortunately encroached on the sacred property of the robber. Being informed by some of his retainers that a stranger was hunting on the west side of the lake, Graysteel immediately sallied forth, and, running up towards the sportsman with menacing looks and gestures, gave him the accustomed challenge. Rollo saw he had no alternative but to give him combat, and being a high-spirited young man, he instantly drew his sword; and although he defended himself for some time with great skill and courage, it is needless to say that he sank at last, mortally wounded, under the more powerful arm of his antagonist. The ruffian afterwards stripped the dead body of every thing that was of any value, and then threw it into the loch.

The account of this melancholy occurrence, as soon as it reached the family and relatives of the unfortunate youth, plunged them into the deepest distress; but none did it inspire with more poignant regret than the young laird of Durie, who was his bosom friend, and had just been affianced to his sister, a very beautiful and interesting girl of sixteen. The moment he heard of Rollo's tragical death, he determined to avenge it, although he knew he had little chance of surviving a personal encounter with such a desperado as Graysteel. Accordingly, having furnished himself with a good Highland broadsword, and without communicating his intention to any one, he set off for the residence of the freebooter. Nor was the route he had to take, any more than the occasion of the journey, agreeable. A trackless moor, of some miles in extent, lay between him and Ranag, so very bleak and barren, that, in the words of the poet,

"The solitary bee
Flew there on restless wing,
Seeking in vain one blossom where to fix."

He had not gone far, however, when he was overtaken by a severe storm, which rendered it impossible for him to continue his journey. The wind, which blew at times with irresistible fury, dashed the rain in his face, mingled with hail, and howled like a maniac on the naked moor. Clouds of turbid vapour, issuing, as it were, from a vast furnace, hurried across the sky; and now and then the rolling of thunder, while it prognosticated a continuance of the storm, added not a little to its terrors. Driven by the wind, and battered by the rain, our traveller began anxiously to look around him for some place of shelter. At length, to his great joy, he espied, a few hundred yards distant, a small solitary cottage, situated on the edge of the moor. Thither he immediately directed his steps, and, on entering, found its sole occupant to be a poor aged widow, who lived upon the gratuitous bounty of the public. There was something, however, in her appearance, though bent down with years and infirmities, that spoke of better days. On a small stool beside her, lay the Bible, which she seemed to have been just reading. She welcomed the stranger with a look of much cheerfulness, and kindly offered him such accommodation for the night as her scanty means could afford. As the storm continued to rage with unabated violence, Durie gladly accepted the proffered hospitality; and in the meantime, the venerable hostess did all in her power to make him comfortable, by putting an additional seat or two on the hearth, and furnishing him with something to eat. On examining the scanty furniture of the apartment, which was now more distinctly seen by the light of a blazing turf-fire, he observed, in one corner, a very uncommon-looking sword, with the appearance of which he was not a little struck. The hilt and blade were covered over with a variety of strange characters and fantastic devices, plainly indicating that it was of foreign manufacture, and belonged to a remote period. His curiosity was powerfully excited; and on asking the old woman how she came by such a magnificent weapon, she gave him the following particulars regarding it. The sword, which had originally belonged to a noble Saracen, was that of her deceased husband, who had been a volunteer in the regiment of Highlanders that had gone over to Holland under the command of Lord Reay. He had received it as a present from a Polish Jew, whose life he had saved in a moment of extreme danger. She moreover informed him that her husband, while on his deathbed, had strictly enjoined her not to sell or dispose of it in any way, but to preserve it as an heirloom of the family. On getting this account of the sword, Durie told the woman who he was, and the errand on which he was going, and begged of her to

give him the use of it for a single day. After much entreaty, she at last agreed to give it, on the condition that it should be strictly returned.

The storm, which was short-lived in proportion to its violence, gradually died away towards morning; and at the first peep of dawn, our hero, who burned with impatience to measure weapons with the murderer of his friend, was up, and, with his enchanted sword firmly girt on his side, pursuing his solitary route across the moors. His spirits were now buoyant with hope; and he beheld with a feeling of sympathy the universal gladness which, after the late convulsion of its elements, was diffused over the face of nature. Already the "bird of the wilderness" sang blithely overhead, whilst the beams of a brilliant morning sun were beginning to dissipate the mists which lay thick and heavy upon the hills. Our traveller was not long in reaching the brow of Benichield; and scarcely had he descended half way down the side fronting the castle, when he was met by Graysteel, who, as usual, challenged him for intruding on his grounds, and desired him to draw and defend himself. "Villain!" cried Durie, unsheathing his weapon, which flashed in his hand like the Scandinavian monarch's celebrated elfin sword—"villain! you wantonly slew my friend, and you shall this day atone for it with your heart's blood!"

The robber chief laughed scornfully at what he considered an empty bravado, and immediately made a thrust at his opponent, which the latter parried off with admirable dexterity. A desperate struggle now ensued. Graysteel fought with the fury of an enraged mastiff; but young Durie pressed upon him so hard with his never-failing blade, that he was obliged to give way, and at last received a mortal wound. After this, the hero of our tale went immediately home, and, having raised a body of stout followers, proceeded back to Ranag, took the castle, and nearly levelled it with the ground.

The denouement of our little story may be anticipated. After a decent period for mourning had elapsed, Durie led his beautiful bride to the nuptial altar. Nor, in the midst of his happiness, did he forget his good friend, the old woman of the moor. The sword, which had proved so invaluable an auxiliary to him in the hour of need, he not only returned to her, but he took her under his protection, and kept her comfortable for the rest of her days—

Joy seized her withered veins, and one bright gleam
Of setting life alone on her evening hour.

SWISS EMIGRATIONS.

NECESSITY at all times has caused the Swiss, like the Scotch, to emigrate, and the success of each in foreign lands has been strictly similar. Formerly, when all the European nations were in a political condition not favourable to foreigners, and America only beginning to be known, plagues frequently carried off the redundant population, or rather the number of mouths over those for which there was sufficient food; these diseases, like cholera and typhus fever in the present day, usually devastating the habitations of the poverty-stricken portion of the population.

One of the greatest ravages—that which most effectually impoverished Switzerland, and gave, especially after the peace of 1815, the greatest stimulus to emigration—was caused by the wars of the French revolution, to which the Swiss cantons became, from their position between France, Italy, and Germany, the devoted prey of a licentious soldiery and avaricious leaders.

I was driving in a cabriolet, outside of the walls of Paris, in 1832, and near the Port St Nicholas I observed an encampment, or rather two encampments, which I mistook for a numerous band of gypsies, until the fresh complexions of the men, women, and children, undeceived me. I got out of the cabriolet, and walked to where they were cooking some food at different little fires, and made inquiry as to who they were. An elderly sedate-looking man gave me the following information:—

They were Swiss emigrants from the canton of Freiburg going to the United States, by way of Havre. The first emigrations after the war from that canton, Neuchatel and Berne, commenced generally in 1818, when the agents of the American packets at Havre (in consequence, as I knew, of the success of those employed especially for the packet ships arriving from New York at Liverpool) first reached the Swiss cantons with flattering accounts of the New World. Young men were those who then tried the experiment of emigrating. They hired themselves for two or three years to pay the charge of passage, and for a small portion of land and a few implements of agriculture. The successes of the first emigrants and their letters to their friends induced others to follow; and in a few years, annual and general emigrations on a great scale have moved from Switzerland and Germany to America. The sobriety, hardihood, and industry common among all these people, adapt them admirably for the colonisation of wooded countries; and were I to proceed to found a new colony, and wanted settlers, I do not know, on the Continent of Europe, those that I would prefer—taking them with all their excellent moral and physical qualities—to the inhabitants of the Swiss valleys.

On determining to emigrate, a resolution which poverty and the want of employment alone compel them to adopt, they sell every thing (except a horse if they

have one) to pay their expenses to Havre, and their passage thence to America. They then construct a light covered cart, in which the family travels over France, sleeping in the same vehicle at night, while the horse feeds on the grass along the road, and living themselves as they best can until they reach their place of embarkation, where they sell the horse and cart for whatever they can get. These emigrations, it may well be supposed, are, in a certain sense, compulsory; and, though abandoning their country, the Swiss ever remember the place of their birth with strong feelings of affection. The moral feeling or depression, called *mal du pays* (or disease of love of country), is more commonly experienced by people who have been brought up like the Swiss and Scotch, between which nations I have observed a striking analogy in character, education, customs, ideas, feelings, prejudices, and religious observances. The natural conditions of Switzerland and Scotland have produced, especially two, similar effects—that of men enlisting as soldiers in foreign services, and of emigrations to distant countries, either in order to obtain subsistence, or otherwise to advance their condition in life.—*My Note Book, by M'Gregor.*

THE SUNBEAM.

Thou art no lingerer in monarch's hall,
A joy thou art, and a wealth to all!
A bearer of hope unto land and sea;
Sunbeam! what gift hath the world like thee?

Thou art walking the billows, and ocean smiles;
Thou hast touch'd with glory his thousand isles;
Thou hast lit up the ships and the feathery foam,
And gladden'd the sailor like words from home.

To the solemn depths of the forest-shades,
Thou art streaming on through their green arcades,
And the quivering leaves that have caught thy glow,
Like fire-flies glance to the pools below.

I look'd on the mountains—a vapour lay
Folding their heights in their dark array;
Thou breakest forth—and the mist became
A crown and a mantle of living flame.

I look'd on the peasant's lowly cot—
Something of sadness had wrapt the spot;—
But a gleam of thee on its lattice fell,
And it laugh'd into beauty at that bright spell.

Sunbeam of summer! oh! what is like thee?
Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea!—
One thing is like thee to mortals given,
The faith touching all things with hues of Heaven!

—Works of Mrs Hemans.

BUGS.—Female bugs lay their eggs four times a-year, namely, in March, May, July, and September, at each season laying fifty eggs; in other words, producing two hundred young in the space of a year. At the age of eleven weeks the young bugs have arrived at maturity, and are ready to become parents in turn. With this data, the following calculation may be made:—Suppose one female bug is allowed to enter a house just before laying time in spring, it will produce 50 young in March, of which 25 may be females. In May, the 26 females (that is, including the mother) will produce 1300 young; take 750 of these as females, we have in July 35,500 young; take 15,750 of these as females, along with the former 750, that will be 16,500 females, which in September will bring forth 825,000 young; take 412,500 of these as females, along with the former 16,500 females, that will make 429,000, which in the ensuing March will produce 21,450,000; add to these the 429,025 males not reckoned, there is a total of 21,909,025, or very nearly twenty-two millions of bugs, all from a single parent in the course of twelve months. If a knowledge of this fact will not induce activity in extirpating the first bug which makes its appearance in a dwelling, we do not know what will.

COMBINATIONS.—If the following circumstances, mentioned by Mr Babbage in his "Economy of Manufactures," be really as stated, they cannot be too widely known. "A species of combination occasionally takes place amongst manufacturers against persons having patents; and these combinations are always injurious to the public, as well as unjust to the inventors. Some years since, a gentleman invented a machine, by which modellings and carvings were cut in mahogany, and other fine woods. The machine resembled, in some measure, the drilling apparatus employed in ornamental lathes; it produced beautiful work at a very moderate expense; but the cabinet-makers met together, and combined against it, and the patent has consequently never been worked. A similar fate awaited a machine for cutting veneers by means of a species of knife. In this instance, the wood could be cut thinner than by the circular saw, and no waste was incurred; but 'the trade' set themselves against it, and after a heavy expense, it was given up. The excuse alleged for this kind of combination, was the fear entertained by the cabinet-makers that when the public became acquainted with the article, the patentees would raise the price."

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